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SONNET.

In the desire to make the talents of our countrymen more generally known and admired at home than they have been hitherto, we have already given extracts from the poems of Wills and Anster, and we now add a specimen from the works of another poet, George Downes, who, though of inferior wing to those above named, can occasionally take a short flight, with a graceful and easy motion, and deserves a more extensive reputation than he has hitherto enjoyed. The following sonnet, which is taken from a volume of University Prize Poems, &c., published in 1824, exhibits a fair specimen of the poet's powers. He has lately published a Continental Tour, exhibiting great learning and accuracy of observation.

Let him not say—"I love my country"—he
Who ne'er has left it: but what time one hears
The yell of waters ringing in his ears,
And views around him nought but sky and sea,
And sea and sky interminable—then—
Then comes the longing for soft hills, and dales,
And trees, and rivulets, and bloomy vales,
And the green twilight of the shady glen,
And sweet birds welcoming the summer! Now
Sweils the full feeling in my heart, while slow
I sail upon the ocean's shuddering breast:
Oh, Erin! Oh, my country! let me see
But once, once more, thy cherished scenery,
Then let me lowly in thy bosom rest!

ANCIENT MONASTIC SEALS.



The ancient seal, of which the above is an exact copy was found about three months since at Lynberry, within two miles of Mullingar, by a labourer, together with three pins, all of brass, and of curious workmanship. The seal is at present in the possession of Mr. Richard Murray, Mullingar. On the obverse side it represents the whole length figure of an abbot, full-faced, with a crosier and cap, and outside the figure the following inscription, partly abbreviated in the old character:—SIGILLUM M. ABBATIS SANCTE MARIE DE TRUIM—"The seal of M. Abbot of Saint Mary's, Trimm." On the reverse side is also the figure of an abbot, but in profile, with the following inscription, also abbreviated,—SIGILLUM M. ABBATIS SANCTE MARIAE DE DURMAG—"The seal of M. Abbot of Saint Mary's, Durmag." The name of the latter place, or its situation, I am perfectly unacquainted with; but it is very probable some of the numerous readers of your talented and very useful Journal may be able to give an explanation, which I shall anxiously expect through the medium of its pages. The blank over the head on the reverse side is occupied by the middle portion of a hinge, and the drawing is the full size of the original.

Mullingar.

D.

These seals evidently belonged to an individual who was at the same time abbot of the Augustinian monasteries of Trim and Durmagh, now Durrow, in the King's County, the churches of which were both dedicated to the

Virgin. The holding of pluralities was not uncommon in our ancient monastic establishments even in very remote times. The name of this abbot M. is not preserved in our ecclesiastical annals of either of the monasteries over which he ruled, as hitherto published; and thus these seals, like those given in former numbers of our work, add facts to our local and monastic histories, which would otherwise be unknown. From the style of workmanship, and form of letter used in the inscriptions, we assign these seals to the close of the thirteenth century.

P.

THE IRISH WOLF DOG.

The following paragraph is extracted from a letter of Lord Conway's to his brother, Sir George Rawdon, in the Rawdon Papers. Perhaps some reader of the Penny Journal might be able to furnish an anecdote of the wolf dog which may redeem its character from the stain cast upon it by this recreant hound.

"We had yesterday an unfortunate passage: Addy Loftus brought an Irish dog to fight with a mastiff before the King; the Irish dog had all the advantage imaginable, and dragged him five or six times about the ring, so that every body gave the mastiff up for dead; all men were concerned as if it had been their general, and yet at last the Irish dog run away; I lost my money; and afterwards the King called me to him, and said he would lay £500, that neither I nor all the men in Ireland could bring an Irish wolf dog that would not run away. I pray speak with my Lord Dungannon about it, for tho' I will not upon any man's confidence venture so much money, yet I will be willing to go my share, and I am sure the King will lay it. I pray speak with my Lord Lieutenant, and know what dogs he hath, and enquire amongst all your friends, for I would fain recover the credit of our country."

CANADIAN BARM.

Supposing that the following mode of making barm may sometimes be found useful by those who live where the ordinary barm is not easily procured, we give a receipt from an extremely interesting book, lately published by Messrs. Curry and Co. of this city, entitled, "Authentic Letters from Upper Canada, with an account of Canadian Field Sports;" and which, as a manual for emigrants, we think will be found extremely useful.

"Take a pint and a half of boiling water, one quart of cold water; put this to a tin vessel; then put in a teaspoon full of salt, and mix it well; then take one pint out, and throw it away; then get your flour, stir the water and salt well with a spoon, while you are putting the flour in, which is done as if you were making stirabout, make it as thick as beer barm; mind you are to blend the flour well; set this in another vessel, with very hot water in it, and constantly renew the hot water under the barm, and very often stir it up from the bottom of the pan, so as not to let the flour settle; if it is rightly done, it will begin immediately to ferment; remember to cover it up closely, and let it stand near the fire, as soon as you perceive it rising, let it stand quietly; this process takes from four to five hours. You will then take eight quarts of flour, put in your salt, and butter your pans. When the yeast is risen up pretty high, then commence making your bread; first loosen the yeast from the edges of the vessel it is in, and get some one to pour it into the middle of the flour while you mix it up; then add either warm milk, or warm water, whichever is most convenient, and work up the dough as usual; when this is done, put it into your pans, and set it in a very warm place to rise, which it will considerably, but it often takes a long time; it must be covered over with a cloth. It rises to twice the size of the pieces of dough you first put in, and then it is fit to bake."

DUBLIN:

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